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Colors

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Colors

Sabrina Talamo

Gray nights are passing through
Faster than a beating heart.

The sun had ceased to shine,
No rainbows in the dark.

All has now turned silent
As flowers fill the room.

Some were pink and violet,
Others were maroon.

Her cheeks no longer red,
Her beige skin has turned white.

Her body now lies dead.
She somehow lost the fight.

Her smile has turned into a frown.
Her glow has gone away.

Her hair which once was brown
Has faded and decayed.

Her lifeless body has turned stale.
Her black heart now lies cold.

All her colors have turned pale.
No trace of color—not even gold.